

The Times' Daily Short Story.

MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND

(Original.)

July 15.—Well, it has come at last. Walter came out from the city yesterday, and after tea we climbed the hill and sat in the summer house. There he proposed to me. I haven't the slightest idea what he said. He had a hard time in getting it out, and I didn't help him a bit. He made several attempts before he was successful; then it came out incoherently. As soon as he began I knew what was coming, and that was all I cared about it. He talked on, while I was in a delirium of joy and never heard a word. I don't believe he could repeat a sentence of what he said, and I'm sure I couldn't.

When we went back to the house we felt obliged to go into the library, where the family were. I felt so happy I wanted to tell them all about it then and there, but Walter looked as if he had been stealing sheep. I can't understand why men are so ashamed of giving way to their gentler emotions.

July 18.—Miss Graves came yesterday. She is to be with us a week. I wish she had stayed away. She listened dubiously to all I had to say about Walter and our engagement, then threw a bucket of cold water over me—at least she might as well have done so. She said she had heard of so many cases where men had deserted the girls they had professed to love that she had at last kept a record of engaged couples and found that out of twenty cases only five resulted in marriage. In the others it was the man's fault every time.

I wonder how she knew that the man was always to blame.

Sept. 8.—We are to leave for the city tomorrow. It has been the most delightful summer I have ever spent—that is, since Miss Graves left. She never sympathized with me in my confidence in Walter, always listening to what I said of him with an ill suppressed sneer. She said she hoped I would not be disappointed, but her statistics indicated that there were three chances in four that I would.

Sept. 10.—We came home yesterday. Walter is unfortunately away on business. I'm sure he is away on business, though Miss Graves says that the probability is he has gone to the country to see some other girl. What nonsense! But I wish she hadn't said it.

Sept. 20.—I am very miserable. I was suspicious of Walter when he returned and showed it by being cool to him—that is, I wasn't at all demonstrative. I am not satisfied with the reason he gave for his absence. He admits that he spent one night at the seashore and that an old friend of his, Laura Goodwin, was there. Walter and I parted coldly.

Sept. 22.—Miss Graves told me she had heard that Laura Goodwin and Walter had once been on the eve of an engagement. She has convinced me that there is something in this matter and that Walter's visit to the seashore was for a purpose. Miss Graves has no faith in men whatever and advises me to be very careful what I do. She kindly took me into her confidence and told me that she had had a lover who treated her exactly as Walter is treating me—that is, as she thinks he is treating me. Her lover walked off deliberately and married another girl. This was ten years ago. I suppose I ought to rely on her more than I do, she is so much older than I and has had so much more experience.

Nov. 12.—It is all over. Our engagement is broken. Walter's visit to Laura Goodwin last September did it. At least that started it. Besides, Walter has been very jealous of Amelia Graves and has warned me repeatedly to keep away from her. If his conscience was clear he wouldn't mind how many friends I might have to "spy on him," for he says that's what Amelia is doing. How unjust! She is simply giving me the benefit of her experience. Heigh-ho! What a miserable world to live in! To think that Walter should have released me so easily. When I told him he was welcome to marry Laura Goodwin he said that she at least didn't have any bosom friends to advise her, and she would trust him implicitly. If he marries her I don't know how I shall be able to refrain from murder.

Dec. 31.—I am so mad that I would like to tear the shingles off the roof. That woman, that thing, that meddling creature, Amelia Graves, has ruined me. Just listen to this:

Dearest Helen—I have the great joy to announce to you my engagement to Mr. Enoch Spellmeyer (what a horrid name, my lover that I told you about. But I didn't tell you that his wife was dead. We met a week ago, and he told me that he had never ceased to love me. He was very considerate of his wife, not blaming her at all because she couldn't win his heart from me, thus showing himself to be a true man. I am so happy. Your loving AMELIA GRAVES.

P. S.—How is your affair with Walter coming on? Rumor has it that he is devoted to Laura Goodwin.

Talk about men deserting women! If this isn't the meanest case of a woman's deserting one of her own sex I don't know what meanness is. I'm nearly crazy.

Jan. 1.—Well, I'm happy once more after months of misery. I wrote a humble letter to Walter last night, and this afternoon he came in radiantly happy. He said he had no alternative but to let me go till I found out the inexpediency of having confidential friends who would prejudice me against him. He seemed to have known what Amelia Graves was doing just as well as if I had told him.

Oh, I am so glad she "showed the cloven foot" before Walter had gone too far with Laura Goodwin. We are to be married next June.

ELIZA B. ARTHUR.

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MOSQUITO REMEDY.

New Mowm's Value Described by a Citizen of Galveston.

A gentleman living in Galveston, Tex., who occasionally goes into the country for a day or two came back from a recent trip with a brand new mosquito remedy, says the Galveston News.

"You can talk about your screens on the clatters and buy the best bars for your bed, but I am here to tell you that there is nothing like new mowm hay to keep the little pests from you. I have just been up in the country, where the mosquitoes are as thick as fleas on a common cur, and after vainly trying to sleep in the house I got up and went out into a pile of new hay and slept soundly the rest of the night. I was in the open without any bar or covering of any kind and not one mosquito came near me."

"How do I account for that? Well, at first I did not know just the reason, but after trying the experiment several times I came to the conclusion that the mosquitoes do not like the smell of new mowm hay, or any hay for that matter. No, I would not advise the citizens of Galveston to buy a bale of hay apiece and spread it out on their bedroom floors for a place to sleep, but if any of them have occasion to go into the country and are driven out of the house by the pests, let them make their bed in the hay, and I'll guarantee that they will get a refreshing night's sleep."

Creek Indians' Stomp Dance.

Within a few weeks will begin another favorite summer sport of the Creeks which is now on the wane, the stomp dance, says the Kansas City Journal. Stomp dances were formerly held in all the Indian towns, but now only in the strictly fullblood settlements. These come on about the time green corn is old enough to eat. A stomp is called, and all the town, sometimes two, combine and assemble. The bucks go out and hunt until they have killed enough game for a feast. The roasting ears are pulled and prepared, and the eating and dancing begin. The dance resembles the gait of a man just as he starts on a charge, and it is accompanied by such noises as only Indian voices can produce. The dancing and feasting are kept up from one to three days and end with a big ball game and feast. Then the medicine man, without occult ceremony, extinguishes the fires, builds a new one, and from this new one each family takes home fire and starts a fire on its own hearth.

The Red Badge of Courage.

An unusual demonstration of physical grit and steadiness of nerve was recently given at Chambers lake, in Colorado, by E. B. House, professor of mathematics of Colorado Agricultural college, says a Denver dispatch. He left Fort Collins a few days ago with State Engineer Carpenter's experimenting company. One day when he was felling a tree for firewood the ax glanced and severed one of Professor House's toes and cut through the bone of a second. The professor was alone and seventy miles from surgical assistance. He removed his shoe, bathed the ragged wound with whiskey and with needle and thread sewed on the amputated member and repaired the wound of the other toe. He is still at work with the party.

Railway With Two Stations.

The Hamps and Manifold Light railway, opened recently, has no stations except those at the two termini, says the London Mail. Elsewhere on the route, which traverses northeast Staffordshire, a district rich in archaeological interest, picnic parties will be taken up and set down at any place. One of the main objects of the line is to enable farmers to transport their goods cheaply to the market, and the treasury made a grant of \$15,000 (\$75,000) to the scheme.

BAD BREATH

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. Therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles." Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 4th St., New York, N. Y.

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WOMEN LIFE SAVERS.

Volunteer Crew at Savin Hill Beach, Dorchester, Mass.

YOUNG AND PLUCKY SWIMMERS.

Some Have Figured in Heroic Rescues and All Will Be Trained by Experienced Instructors to Aid in Water Emergencies—All the Crew Are Very Enthusiastic.

Six young women, all pretty, well formed and athletic, have organized a volunteer life saving crew at Savin Hill beach, Dorchester, Mass., for the protection of bathers and swimmers who visit there during the summer months, says the Boston Herald.

For the past three years there has been a volunteer crew of life savers stationed at the pretty beach at the head of Dorchester bay, but made up of men. The crew was very enthusiastic for two years, but last season it seemed to lose interest in the work and early this season disbanded.

The heroic rescue on June 18 by Miss Agnes L. Kersey of a boy named Edward Gillis, together with her previous rescue and the saving of life by other young ladies at the Savin Hill beach, suggested the organization of a girls' crew of life savers, and a few days ago the corps was instituted, with Miss Agnes L. Kersey as captain.

It is the first organization of its kind ever formed in the world, and the young ladies comprising the crew are being roundly congratulated for taking the initiative in such a humane cause, and in Worcester and one or two other places the formation of other crews of young women is now in progress.

The Ladies' Volunteer Life Saving corps of Savin Hill beach, which is the name adopted by the plucky young women, will engage in regular boat drills and rescue work and will be trained to the work of restoring the apparently drowned and otherwise fitted for the duties they may be called upon to perform.

Such experienced instructors as Peter S. McNally, James C. Hurler, Thomas P. Delahunt, John W. Glenister, Walker A. Smith and M. J. Leary will devote much time to fitting the crew for all kinds of emergencies. It is confidently expected that it will give a good account of itself during the season.

The people of Dorchester are deeply interested in the corps and have promised to lend every assistance to promote its efficiency. The young women of the crew are very enthusiastic. They are above ordinary intelligence and have a full understanding of the dangers they may be called upon to meet. Following are brief sketches of the life savers:

Miss Agnes L. Kersey, captain, is nineteen years old, has saved several from drowning by swimming out to them and towing to safety. She was born in Milton, where she at present resides. Miss Kersey is of very rugged constitution and delights in all kinds of athletics. She learned to swim three years ago under the instruction of Peter S. McNally and Walker A. Smith and is very proficient in the art, swimming all styles and performing most difficult feats with ease and grace. She never seems to tire in the water, and the distances she swims would make many strong male swimmers tired to even think of them.

Miss Kersey's girl friends call her "the amphib," for she spends almost as much time in the water as out of it. In the summer of 1902 she rescued a ten-year-old girl at Savin Hill who had got beyond her depth, and last summer she assisted several to the shore who had become exhausted. Miss Kersey comes of a swimming family, having two brothers and two sisters who are experts. During the summer months she lives with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Delahunt, at Dorchester, a short distance from Savin Hill beach.

Miss Mary D. Kersey, a sister of Agnes, is a member of the crew. She is a capital swimmer, strong and plucky. She is fearless in the water. She says she would swim daily throughout the winter but for the fear that she might be regarded as of unsound mind. A year ago Mary rescued a woman and a child who were thrown overboard from a catboat in an upset and swam with both for fifty yards until assistance arrived.

A charming young woman is Miss Georgina Milne, seventeen years old, born in Roxbury of Scotch parentage, a graduate of the Edward Everett Grammar school, Dorchester, and the girls' high. She lives at Dorchester and is very athletic, can run like a frightened deer and can swim untroubledly. She learned to swim at Savin Hill beach about four years ago. Two little girls owe their lives to Georgina's presence of mind and bravery. She rescued them at Savin Hill beach last summer, both rescues being made on the same day. Miss Milne is a clever canoeist, a good canoeist, can sail a catboat and is an enthusiastic baseball fan.

Margaret Mills, eighteen years old, whose home is in Dorchester, is tall, wiry and strong. She has been able to swim since she was thirteen years old and is thoroughly familiar with the waters of Dorchester bay. She is plucky and will render good service when required. Miss Mills is interested in all kinds of athletics.

The smallest member of the crew is Miss Annie H. Grieve of Dorchester. She is nineteen years old, five feet one inch in height and weighs ninety-six pounds. She has been swimming since she was eleven years old. Miss Grieve

is exceptionally strong for a young woman of her physique and has several trophies won in girls' running races at the Scotch picnic. She comes of an athletic family, her father having been the champion football player of Scotland. He was formerly chieftain of the Boston Caledonian club. Miss Grieve graduated from the Edward Everett school, Dorchester, and the Dorchester high school.

Ruggedly built and an enthusiastic swimmer is Miss Eunice Slane of Dorchester. She is seventeen years old and has been swimming for eight years. She is a good all around athlete, a clever tennis and golf player, rides horseback and rows like a professional. She has assisted several persons to shore who would surely have been drowned but for her timely aid. Miss Slane is a graduate of the Edward Everett school, Dorchester.

Some time during the month of August the Ladies' Volunteer Life Saving corps of Savin Hill beach will give a free public demonstration of the methods employed in saving life and will be assisted by several famous swimmers in nautical exhibitions.

AMERICAN COLLEGES BEST.

Consul Diederich Contrasts German Universities With Ours.

That the practice of Americans seeking education abroad is barely holding its own because of the increasing excellence of American colleges is the conclusion drawn from statistics showing American attendance at German colleges, submitted to the state department by United States Consul Diederich at Bremen, Germany, says a Washington dispatch.

Mr. Diederich says that the number of foreign students, especially of those coming from Russia, has steadily grown, but a careful study of the attendance at the German universities seems to show that Americans have not been adding to this increase.

There were only seven more Americans enrolled last winter than there were four years ago—317 in all.

"During the nineteenth century German universities led the world in erudition and scientific investigation and their great professors attracted many students from all parts of the world in quest of higher education," says Mr. Diederich. "But times are altered."

"Having myself been engaged in educational work as an American college professor for a good part of my manhood, I have naturally taken considerable interest in the life and work at the various institutions of learning in this country, and it is my impression that the facilities for higher education are improving in the United States much more rapidly than in Germany. Despite all our imperfections, one cannot but admire the great upward strides which the American system of education, from the humble district school up, has been making during the last few decades.

"American educational institutions are the best equipped in the world. I know but one German university that can claim to be up to the times in this regard, and it stands third in the list of attendance. There is steady progress all along the line of public instruction in the United States, and particularly in our higher class of universities."

PICKEREL A "FENCE."

Woman Who Caught It Found Her Stolen Watch in Its Interior.

A fish as a restorer of stolen goods has never been on record before, but the other day an amiable twelve pound pickerel, caught by Mrs. John Biddle, returned to her a watch which had been stolen, says a Morristown (N. J.) special to the New York Press.

Mrs. Biddle is a young woman who lives in Milne Hill, and a few weeks ago her cottage was robbed of jewels and other articles. The thief, who afterwards was caught, said he had rowed across Budd's lake and dropped his booty in the deep waters. Budd's lake is where Mrs. Biddle's pickerel lived until she landed it.

Mrs. Biddle is not an enthusiastic fisherman, but a few days ago she and a party started out with rod and tackle. She felt a mighty tug and zip went the whirling reel. Mrs. Biddle and the obliging pickerel had a bitter fight, but at last the fish was pulled into the boat. When the pickerel was opened the Biddle watch was found in its interior. Mrs. Biddle said when she saw her watch again: "We will be out on Budd's lake the first thing in the morning to fish for the rest of the things that horrid old thief dropped in the lake."

Money Made in Birmingham.

Egypt, which was civilized when Englishmen were skin clad savages, now bows down to the power of Birmingham. In addition to the little gods which tourists buy, Egyptian money is now made there.

DAVIS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

How the Democratic Vice Presidential Nominee Humored a Child.

The chatter of hoofs through the town of Elkins, W. Va., the other day brought the people to their doors to see the military figure of Henry Gasaway Davis, Democratic nominee for vice president, mounted on his big Kentucky thoroughbred, riding through the rain toward the Davis Memorial hospital, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Seven-year-old Everett Swecker was pronounced by the doctors to be hopelessly ill of hip disease. Ex-Senator Davis heard of Everett and brought him to the hospital. The surgeons worked a miracle, and ex-Senator Davis paid the bill. Everett prayed vehemently for ex-Senator Davis every night in return. The other day they told him he could walk and was to go home.

"Not till I go up and thank Mr. Davis and tell him how proud I am he is to be vice president," said the boy.

"It rains too hard," said the nurse.

The boy was in a rage.

"Ain't I prayed for him every day? Now that God and I have made him the candidate ain't I going to get a chance to say goodbye? I won't go till I see him."

Ex-Senator Davis was told over the telephone of the boy's wish. He looked out at the rain and ordered his horse. An hour later Everett sat on ex-Senator Davis' knee, listening to a bear story.

For a man who has lived four score of years on this earth, the most of it in West Virginia, Henry G. Davis does not figure as the center of many stories, but one that illustrated his caution is told of the early days of the West Virginia Central railroad, the first important business enterprise associated with his name, says John Wallace in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The road runs through a mountainous part of country, and caution is needed even in these days, but some years ago, when a train out of Elkins before it made a run to Beverly, a dozen miles away on another branch, Senator Davis, as he is still known among the people of that part of the country and likewise beloved, was asked why he did not run another train to Beverly. He replied characteristically that "One train couldn't come together on the same track."

Japanese Scouting With Telephones.

"Scouting with the aid of the telephone has become one of the features of modern warfare, and is now being made use of by the Japanese," says the Western Electrician. "Two scouts proceed from the lines toward the enemy. One, the observer, is a skilled army officer, who makes the observations, which are transmitted back to headquarters through a telephone line paid out from a reel carried by an electrician of the signal corps. A ground return is used, the ground being made by thrusting a bayonet or hatchet into the earth and attaching one end of the line to it. The electrician carries a battery on his back. He also makes the connections and does the talking. A special conductor is used, which will stand rough usage. In this manner a scout may be able to stay out a long time and give valuable information without being obliged to make a number of hazardous trips to the front."

Great Game Preserve.

The Indian agent at Muskogee, I. T., recently received a prospectus of a great game preserve to be promoted by sportsmen of Texas, the land to be secured in the Klamachi mountains of the Choctaw nation, says the St. Louis Republic. The promoter of the proposition is Jack Gordon of Paris, Tex., his plan being to buy 50,000 acres of wild land in the mountains, fence it and in addition to the great abundance of wild game stock it with more. It is proposed to capitalize the club at \$120,000. It is proposed to build elegant club quarters and to make special arrangements for the protection and propagation of game that will make the preserve on a par with the royal preserves of England.

Westward Course of Fashion.

Dealers have one consolation in the fact that new designs in clothing do not spring into existence all at once throughout the country, says the Clothing and Furnisher. A fashion that has its inception in the east will "blow" to the south and far west the following season. This peculiarity in working methods of fashion enables the wholesaler to dispose of his goods that have become unfashionable in his locality by shipping them to localities where they are fashionable. The study of fashion in its relation to economic changes thus becomes an important element in the business of every manufacturer and wholesaler.



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